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Review: A Modern Cinderella
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And sprayed the common yarrow
With fumigating gold,
Warning her slave, the sparrow,
To chirp as he was told;

And dusted with bright talcum
The convex of her face,
And graved a note of welcome
On a card cut out of space,

That reads: "My somewhat aimless,
Oh, won't you honor me
By coming to my nameless
And gay festivity?"

I think the note was dated
Today. . . . O sandals, run!
For though my eyes are weighted,
I can't offend the sun!

In the third class are a few whimsicalities—slight leaflets from a roving mind; among them *Rondel*, *A Child to a Scarecrow*, *The Last Death*, and the *Metaphysical Pie* above mentioned.

Miss Moore is just beginning—it is little more than a year since she first appeared in the magazines. Of a poet who begins with *Saint Theresa* one is justified in hoping for a swift race to a high goal. *H. M.*

A MODERN CINDERELLA

Coach into Pumpkin, by Dorothy E. Reid. Yale University Press.

This volume belongs to the *Yale Series of Younger Poets*, and to my mind it is worth most of its predecessors put

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together. Miss Reid is by no means innocent of the usual immaturities and indiscretions of the beginner—the genuine value of her first book is apparent only after the subtraction of much that is facile and affected; but her poems show a buoyancy of imagination and an emotional intuition adequate to the requirements of her particular genre—a genre characterized by neither profundity nor brilliance, but by the simple informal lyricism of youthful idealism and disillusion.

Miss Reid writes of life in its most familiar aspects, with feeling both for its poignancy and for its triviality. Her poetry is by turns wistful and ironic; and its lack of intensity is supported by its humor. However commonplace may be the disaster referred to in the title of her book, Miss Reid succeeds in giving it the consequence of an individual event, and makes altogether a most appealing and intimate Cinderella, laughing among her ashes.

This poem is called *The Unattainable Hour:*

Here is the unattainable hour
Held carefully within my hand,
Cup-curved and fragrant as a flower.

How shall I keep it for my own,
So fragile and so delicate,
How metamorphose it to stone?

What may I put around or in it,
O sage, philosopher, magician?
(Three petals fell this very minute!)

And here is *Choice:*

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A Modern Cinderella

She never even trusted
A star or a mountain,
She had seen one melt
To a flaming fountain,

She often wiped star-dust
Off of her boot,
And the highest stone pinnacle
Hindered her foot.

Yet of all quick things
That change gives breath to,
She had picked on love
To pin her faith to.

Lyrics like these, besides a number of effective sonnets, show Miss Reid at her best. Her talent is for the light conversational poem with emotional reverberations, and in such poems she is best able to communicate the flavor of her own personality. In this book, one senses an uncertainty, an instability, of method and intention—a frequent failure or awkwardness of technique, an occasional sentimentality; one is aware, too, of the influence of other poets —for instance, that of Edna Millay, to whom Miss Reid pays tribute in a charming poem called *Golden Bird.* But these are only the natural earmarks of a first volume; and there is promise here of really fine achievement.

G. H. D.

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